

Good Morning 698

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Shop Talk By Derek Hebenton

WHEN H.M.S. Sea Rover returned to this country from the Middle East she had a record of successes which included shooting up a goods train.

Speaking of this exploit, the commanding officer of Sea Rover, Lieutenant J. P. Angell, R.N., said: "We closed to within half-a-mile of the jetty of an enemy-held harbour, surfaced, and bombarded a goods train. It was severely damaged, but although we finished up nearly alongside the jetty, the heavy rain and gathering darkness made it difficult to observe results."

On another occasion after the submarine had attacked a Japanese convoy, escorted by two submarine chasers and two aircraft, she found herself "wallowing" on a soft mud sea-bottom at a depth of about 40 feet while the enemy dropped 14 depth charges in less than 10 minutes.

Describing the attack on the convoy, Lieut. Angell said: "We had scored a torpedo hit on the larger of two medium-sized supply ships and had tried to go deep, when we hit the bottom at about 40 feet. Some of the depth charges which exploded in the next 10 minutes were unpleasantly close."

"We made repeated attempts to get off the bottom, but by the time we had 'crawled' into deeper water we had become very heavy and could not extricate ourselves."

"The enemy was still very near. We could hear him above us, stopping to listen every few minutes, and we knew that any noise might give us away. It was not until some hours after the commencement of the attack that we were able to get clear of the bottom."

"When, a considerable time later, we came to periscope depth, a submarine chaser was still in sight and an aircraft was searching the vicinity."

On another patrol the Sea Rover had a similar experience, following a torpedo attack on an escorted convoy of five medium-sized Japanese ships.

"Knowing we would be counter-attacked," said Lieutenant Angell, "I tried to get as deep as possible, and the submarine came down hard on the sea-bed with 45 feet on the depth gauge, listed to port, then righted herself and bumped gently along."

"The enemy dropped 25 depth charges that time, but none alarmingly close. We continued to bump along the bottom, and at one time we were standing on a bank with only 34 feet on the gauge. But we got away."

Up to the time she left her Far Eastern base the Sea Rover held the record for the longest patrol of any submarine of her class.



THE London Gazette announces the following awards to submarine personnel: "For outstanding courage, skill, and undaunted devotion to duty whilst serving in H.M. Submarines in the Far East."

Bar to the D.S.C.

Lieut.-Comm. (E) Oliver John Frank Lockwood St. John, D.S.C., R.N.

D.S.C.

Lieut. Philip Henry May, R.N.; Lieut. John Peter Angell, R.N.; Mr. Joseph Williams Wells, Warrant Engineer, R.N.

Bar to the D.S.M.

Acting Temp. L-Seaman Felix Francis Gavin, D.S.M.

D.S.M.

Acting Temp. C.P.O. John Denholm; Acting Temp. P.O. Ronald Leslie Bengough; E.R.A. Percy James Vaughan Holman; E.R.A. James Sibbald McInnes; S.P.O. William Alfred Jordan; A.B. Owen David Dulhanty; Temp. L-Seaman Ronald Salt.

Mentions.

Comm. Michael Gordon Rimington, D.S.O., R.N.; Lieut. Michael Robert Russell Kirkwood, R.N.; Lieut. David Geoffrey Townsend Lane, R.N.; Sub-Lieut. Charles Kelvin Bellairs, Hingston, R.A.N.V.R.; Temp. P.O. John Hilton Ashman, D.S.M.; Act. Temp. P.O. Trevor Harry Wickman; P.O. Tel. Allan Reginald Edwards; Temp. S.P.O. Harold Charles Bird; E.A. George Alfred Howe; L-Stoker Francis Grosvenor Davies; L-Stoker John Hopkins; Acting L-Stoker John McMurtrie Forsyth Rodger; Acting Temp. L-Stoker George William Henry Taylor; A.B. Robert Broadbent; A.B. Rex Harper; A.B. Gordon Wilkinson.

Congratulations to all concerned; I'll see you at Buck House.



The Ultimatum crew make whoopee at the World's End, Tilbury

ALL THIS TROUBLE TO GET THE CORK IN THE BOTTLE

FESTIVE occasions without the beverages that gladden the feast, are like birthdays minus the cake. And have you ever thought how much depends on the cork?

Even the teetotaler complains if his fizz is "flat," which it would be but for the little piece of cork that lines the stopper which seals the bottle. And champagne, without the mushroom-shaped cork which plugs tight the flagon, would taste like cheap cider!

And this is no new invention. Horace, poet of Rome, withdrew a cork stopper from a wine vase almost exactly 2,000 years ago. Roman women used cork soles to keep their feet warm. A courier, piling his clothes on his head, swam the Tiber on cork floats 400 years B.C.

The stuff was even believed to have a medicinal value; in pulverised form, it was recommended as an antidote for nose-bleeding by Pliny, the scholar-physician.

That was about as far as the ancients' use of cork extended. Much later a negro with an urge to visit the Queen-Empress strung together several thousand cork stoppers on wire, and made a boat six feet long, in which he sailed forth hopefully from the West African coast.

To-day cork has literally thousands of uses. You find it in lifebuoys, fishing floats and hat linings, cigarette and penholder tips, sun helmets and table mats, insulation parts and engine gaskets. In the fittings of petrol pumps, cars and musical instruments. In fact, think of an article, and it is pretty sure to have a cork fitting somewhere.

There is some uncertainty about the origin of the word; either it was the Latin "cor-tex," meaning bark, or the Spanish "corcho," cork.

But there is no doubt about the chief source of supply. Fully half the world's pro-



duction of about 1 million tons, comes from Spain and Portugal. They tried to grow the cork oak tree in America but the soil was unsuitable, and the experiment failed.

Little is expected of the tree until it reaches the age of 25, but the best oak comes from the 30 to 40-year-olds, and a good many diehards go on producing for nearly three centuries, reaching heights of 50 to 60 feet.

Every tenth year the bark is stripped from the hardy giants, the outer or "virgin" layer—the least valuable part—being set aside for rustic work. Under the expert hand of the peeler, the thick crust is detached from the tree in great slabs, each large enough to make a thousand corkscrews turn. These are

piled and left to season, before boiling to remove sap and tannic acid.

Most of the cork forests of Spain are in the mountains, where the roads are undeveloped, and the only transport is donkeys, still the Spaniard's best friend.

The sturdy little "burros," loaded from head to tail with the now dry flat slabs, tread their way carefully over the narrow, precipitous mountain trails in trains of as many as 100 beasts. At the nearest collecting point their huge loads are dumped and graded for shipping.

Seville is a typical centre. Every street in Seville shouts "cork," and scores of pack donkeys and two-wheeled carts wend their leisurely way through narrow roads and arching house-tops to factories, wharves and warehouses in a long unending stream from the middle of summer to its end.

Each piece of cork is peculiarly adapted to some particular group of manufacture, of which there are about 25. Even the waste matter has a specific function. Powder remnants, ground up small as in milling wheat, mixed with linseed oil and spread over canvas produces the linoleum which nowadays finds a use in almost every home and office. The embossing of the familiar designs is applied by hydraulic presses.

Cork stoppers alone comprise a colossal branch of the industry. There are some dozen different grades, turned out by tubular punches and cylinders, much as a baker cuts biscuits from dough. Experienced sorters determine in the flash of an eye to which grade a cork belongs; a single sorter handles over 35,000 a day.

But cork stoppers are only one department of this vast industry, though a large one.

Of what other product can it be said that it walks with you in your shoes, flies with you in aircraft, rides with you in motor-cars and trains and ships, serves you in your home, works with you at school and in business, plays with you in games and sports, to say nothing of its popular function derived from the days of nigger minstrels.

And that's not all. Cork helps to make your food, wrap it in packages, preserve it in cold storage, to bring you electricity, gas, water, radio and telephones. One communication. It is used in scores of ways to speed up production in industry, cut down operat-

Like tight-rope walkers, the Portuguese labourers load bales of raw cork on to barges.

ing costs and improve the quality of many classes of goods.

In short, make a full list of to-day's cork-made articles, and even then hundreds of new ways of employing it are probably waiting just round the corner—to wit, the cork bricks lately made up for a film company. No film crowd minds being peppered in the face by a few cork fragments. But half a brick, well, that's quite a different matter!

J. FLEETWOOD.

THE MOKE AND THE MOLARS

A HEFTY American soldier strolling along High Street, Woking, patted a donkey attached to a greengrocer's cart and offered it a piece of chewing gum.

The donkey refused the gum with a snort, and as the soldier walked on it nipped him in the back.

Whereupon the soldier, shouting, "Bite me, would you!" promptly grabbed the donkey under the forelegs and bit one of its ears.

FOOLING THE CROWS

WHILE visiting an Indian reservation in New Mexico several years ago, I noticed an old Indian striding back and forth across a ploughed field, his hand dipping into the grain sack at his side, and his arm swinging rhythmically as he apparently broadcast the seed in the time-honoured fashion.

But to my surprise, the sack was empty; no grain fell from his hand.

Mystified, I asked an Indian standing nearby what he was doing.

"Him fool crow," was the reply.

Then I noticed the large flock of crows following the sower, seeking the grain that wasn't there.

The old Indian continued this performance for three days at the beginning of the planting season every spring. Then, when the black robbers gave up and departed for more profitable fields, he sowed his grain without loss.

J. M.

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Dept. of C.N.I., Admiralty, London, S.W.1

Minus his Trousers, the bos'n is faced with the problem of getting aboard the Harpy, without loss of dignity in front of the ship's company

PART TWO OF Duty before Decency by Captain Marryat

NOT finding his trousers, he rang the bell, supposing that they had been taken down to be brushed, and, in the mean time, put on everything else, that he might lose no time: the waiter who answered the bell, denied having taken the trousers out of the room, and poor Mr. Biggs was in a sad quandary.

What had become of them, he could not tell: he had no recollection of having gone to bed the night before.

He inquired of the waiter, who said that he knew nothing about them—that he was very tipsy when he came home, and that when he called him, he had found the window open, and it appeared that he had been unwell—he supposed that he had thrown his trousers out of the window. Time flew, and the boatswain was in despair. “Could they lend him a pair?”

The master of the inn knew very well the difference of rank between officers, and those whom he could

trust and those whom he could not. He sent up the bill for the waiter, and stated that, for a deposit, the gentleman might have a pair of trousers.

The boatswain felt in his pockets and remembered that all his money was in his trousers pocket.

He could not only not leave a deposit, but could not pay his bill. The landlord was inexorable. It was bad enough to lose his money, but he could not lose more.

“I shall be tried by a court-martial, by heavens!” exclaimed the boatswain. “It’s not far from the sally-port; I’ll make a run for it, and I can slip into one of the boats and get another pair of trousers before I report myself as having come on board.”

So, making up his mind, the boatswain took to his heels, and with his check shirt tails streaming in the wind, ran as hard as he could to where the

boat was waiting to receive him.

He was encountered by many, but he only ran the faster the more they jeered, and, at last, arrived breathless at his goal, flew down the steps, jumped into the boat, and squatted on the stern sheets, much to the surprise of the officers and men, who thought him mad.

He stated in a few words that somebody had stolen his trousers during the night; and as it was already late, the boat shoved off, the men as well as the officers convulsed with laughter.

“Have any of you a pea-jacket?” inquired the boatswain of the men—but the weather was so warm that none of them had brought a pea-jacket. The boatswain looked round; he perceived that the officers were sitting on a boat-cloak.

“Whose boat-cloak is that?” inquired the boatswain.

“Mine,” replied Gascoigne.

“I trust, Mr. Gascoigne, you will have the kindness to lend it to me to go up the side with.”

“Indeed I will not,” replied Gascoigne, who would sooner have thrown it overboard and have lost it, than not behold the anticipated fun; “recollect I asked you for a fishing line, when we were becalmed off Cape St. Vincent, and you sent word that you’d see me d—d first. Now I’ll just see you the same before you have my boat-cloak.”

“Oh, Mr. Gascoigne, I’ll give you three lines, directly I get on board.”

“I dare say you will, but that won’t do now. ‘Tit for tat,’ Mr. Boatswain, and hang all favours,” replied Gascoigne, who was steering the boat, having been sent on shore for the others. “In bow—rowed of all.”

The boat was laid alongside—the relentless Gascoigne caught up his boat-cloak as the other officers rose to go on board, and rolling it up, in spite of the earnest entreaties of Mr. Biggs, tossed it into the main chains to the man who had thrown the stern-fast, and to make the situation of Mr. Biggs still more deplorable, the first-lieutenant was standing looking into the boat, and Captain Wilson walking the quarter deck.

“Come, Mr. Biggs, I expected you off in the first boat,” cried Mr. Sawbridge, “be as smart as you please, for the yards are not yet squared.”

“Shall I go ahead in this boat, and square them, sir?”

“That boat, no; let her drop astern, jump up here and lower played him, but he could prove down the dinghy. What the devil

do you sit there for, Mr. Biggs? slept in the same room, for he you’ll oblige me by showing a little more activity, or by jove, you may to bed, and fast asleep when Jack save yourself the trouble of asking save yourself the trouble of asking to go on shore again. Are you sober, sir?”

The last observation decided Mr. Biggs. He sprung up from the boat just as he was, and touched his hat as he passed the first lieutenant.

“Perfectly sober, sir, but I’ve lost my trousers.”

“So it appears, sir,” replied Mr. Sawbridge, as Mr. Biggs stood on the planeshear of the sloop where the hammock netting divides for an entrance, with his shirt tails fluttering in the sea breeze; but Mr. Sawbridge could not contain himself any longer; he ran down the ship ladder which led on the quarter-deck, choked with laughter.

Mr. Biggs could not descend until after Mr. Sawbridge, and the conversation had attracted the notice of all, and every eye in the ship was on him.

“What’s all this?” said Captain Wilson, coming to the gangway.

“Duty before decency,” replied Jack, who stood by, enjoying the joke.

Mr. Biggs recollected the day before—he cast a furious look at Jack as he touched his hat to the captain, and then dived down to the lower deck.

If anything could add to the indignation of the boatswain, it was to find that his trousers had come on board before him. He now felt that a trick had been played him, but he could prove nothing; he could not say who

The truth of the story soon became known to all the ship, and “duty before decency” became a bye-word.

THE END

QUIZ for today

1. For what purpose is a water-spaniel used?
2. “6½ tods equals 1 wey,” runs the table-book. What material is measured by this weight?
3. How would you play a piece of music marked “adagio”?
4. How would you pronounce the town of Belvoir?
5. Of what are billiard cues made?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Red, Green, Mauve, Brown, Violet, Purple.

Answers to Quiz in No. 697

1. Plant.
2. Barleycorn; three go to an inch.
3. Very softly.
4. Barf.
5. Rubber (elastic) inside, gutta-percha outside.
6. Smoke consists of solid particles; others don’t.

BEHIND THE SCREEN

ONE of the highlights of Columbia’s new Technicolor musical, “To-night and Every Night,” is a xylophone act, saved by the performer’s assistant doing a pseudo strip-tease. The man at the xylophone is Basil Lambert, the girl who keeps the customers interested is Rita Hayworth.

Twenty years ago, in American vaudeville, Lambert was on the same bill as the Dancing Cansinos, and the littlest of all the Cansinos was Margarita Carmencita Cansino.

Lambert borrowed her to “dress the act”; she was only four then, and her job was to hand Lambert his xylophone mallets.

And now, Margarita, who has changed her name to Rita Hayworth, is back in the old act after 21 years.

GENERALLY regarded as one of the biggest hopes of the film industry in this country is ex-Windmill girl, Jean Kent, who was spotted while playing in the revue “Applesauce.”

During the last three years, Jean’s rise has been rapid, and her good work has now been rewarded by a new contract with Gainsborough. She has youth, acting ability and more than her share of glamour. What more could anyone want?

IF you liked “Two Girls and a Sailor” you will like the forthcoming “Joy of Living,” which brings together again the team of June Allyson, Gloria de Haven and Jimmy Durante.

The lucky Durante will have the two girls as his daughters in this musical, which is a nice break for him.

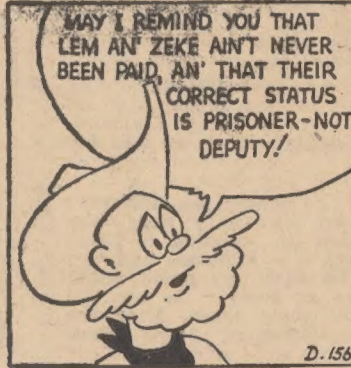
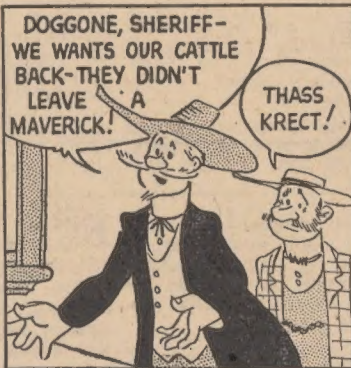
THE opening of the new N.A.A.F.I. Club at Plymouth was celebrated by a “Break for Music” broadcast on the opening day, which featured Gillie Potter.

In the evening, Bennett and Williams were featured in the cabaret, and played to a packed house of sailors and Wrens.

ENGLISH star Pat Kirkwood will have as her first starring vehicle under her new M.G.-M. contract, “No Leave, No Love.”

Pat has now arrived in Hollywood, and it is expected that her co-star will be either Van Johnson or Robert Walker.

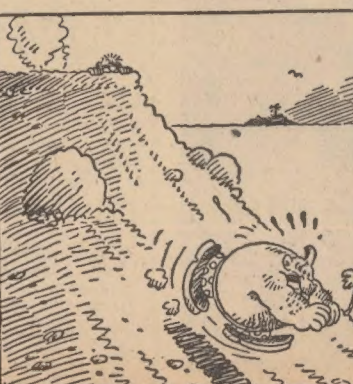
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words No. 638

- 1. Behead the first and get a frost.
- 2. Insert the same letter eight times and make sense of: ncedhedrispennnecanstpyu.
- 3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: WOOL into SUIT.
- 4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: The duchess always will — us because we eat — for tea instead of cakes.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 637

- 1. D-rum.
- 2. Roll the roller along the long lawn.
- 3. DOOR, poor, pool, tool, toll, tall, tale, tame, lame, lamb, JAMB.
- 4. Boaters, boaster.

JANE

The Drama of Edgar and Clementina

EDGAR de Montmorenci Piff-paff was a gentle youth. for-tune, made his son an air; day. Once he had been a boy, but with a such are the delights of harmony—perseverance worthy of a better or money even, without the har- cause he had insisted on growing older until he broke himself of the childish habit.

He grew up until he grew down. The down was on his upper lip.

Such are the ups and downs of life! His eye was blue. He had another eye, and that was also blue.

Had he been anybody else he might have been heir presumptive to a dukedom. As it was, his father was a prosperous soap-boiler; that is, he boiled his soap until he died, well off for soap, suddenly.

Just as he had discovered how to manufacture mottled, his death a-curd.

His son, our hero, Edgar de Montmorenci, came into the pro-

name and fortune. He added he

Edgar loved. He loved a good many things. For instance, wealth, boiled leg of mutton and turnips, comic songs, Beachy Head and Margate, marrow bones, black eyes (natural, not manufactured), hot-house grapes, five per cent stock, eel pies, foreign scenery, and the Epsom Spring Meeting, with the local salts.

These were a few of the things he adored.

Besides all these, he was enamoured of Clementina Chivvy-chase, eldest cousin of an Irish peer, a noble earl, who lived by his wits, and didn't thrive on them.

He wrote to her, laying his hand at her feet, accompanied by his adequate reason for her silence. Edgar pressed her—figuratively, of

course—but she would not open upstairs in the left-hand top corner drawer.

What could she do? When Edgar proposed, she could not answer. She was compelled to remain silent.

She could not even gnash her teeth in despair.

At least, not till after he had left, and then—but it was too late—she went upstairs and ground them—in the coffee mill—but no matter!

So they weren't married, and lived very happily ever afterwards.

She was a toothsome morsel and said a mouthful without speaking

He waited an hour and a half, and then gave it up.

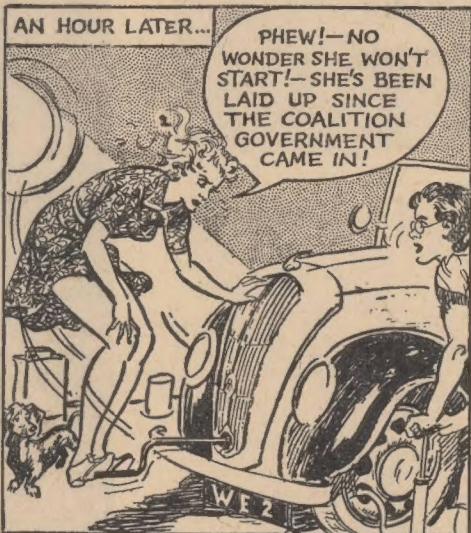
Failing to prevail on her to consent to favour him with a reply, he went away and immediately married a woman as old as his grandmother to show his contempt for the hollowness of the world.

He learnt the reason of Clementina's silence too late! We drew her likeness just now. We drew her nose, we drew her eyes, we drew her hair, but we didn't draw her teeth. No, the dentist had anticipated us!

But luckily, when Edgar de Montmorenci, called they were

Solution to Puzzle in No. 697.

- 1. e l B o w
- 2. a d E p t
- 3. b a L m y
- 4. d i G i t
- 5. e l i t e
- 6. f r U s h
- 7. g a M u t



THE THINGS PEOPLE DO

THE mothers of Lambeth blessed the benefactor who supplied their children with blankets and comforts in the 1941 blitz. They did not know who it was who spent the hundreds of pounds on their welfare until five years later, when a little old woman some of them had seen going in or out of a house in Pratt Street, Lambeth, died.

She was Miss Emily Renshaw, who, eighty-two years before, had been born there and who, ever since her father died in 1915, had lived there as a recluse. She even refused to let the workmen in when they came to repair her bomb-damaged property.

Someone noticed that milk left on her doorstep had not been taken in. She was found dead, alone. And she left over £20,000.

VERY HOT AIR

THE largest aircraft carrier in the world—the 45,000-ton U.S.S. Midway—is very soon going into active service against the Japanese, says the U.S. Navy Department. Midway will carry more than 80 aircraft—some twin-engine types.

SEVERAL big Jap aircraft factories have been taken over by the Japanese authorities because their production output could not be kept up under enemy air raids. The personnel will now be subjected to military discipline.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

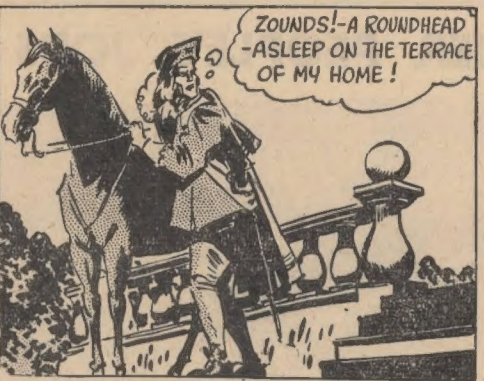
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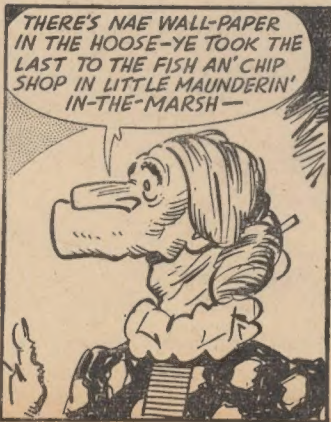
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



- CLUES ACROSS.—1 Names, 10 Fruit tart, 11 Game, 13 Halt, 14 Strength, 15 Seat, 16 Tin, 17 Tiny, 18 Bright flowers, 21 South Africa, 22 Double, 23 Slang head, 25 Supposing, 27 Reveal, 30 Quite, 32 Cry of protest, 33 Colour, 34 Book-worm, 36 Like that, 37 Raise objections, 38 Salad plant, 39 Daubed.
- CLUES DOWN.—2 Frequently, 3 Scowl, 4 Pile, 5 Dealing with, 6 Rising ground, 7 Horse, 8 Pack closely, 9 Menaces, 12 Hints, 13 Europeans, 14 Vehicle, 16 Trees, 19 Sludge, 20 Note of music, 24 Ado, 26 Run away, 28 Baronet's title, 29 Fried quickly, 31 Young animal, 35 Proper, 36 Drink, 38 Remain.

Good Morning



★ **THIS ENGLAND.** If you've a head for heights you should certainly get to know Cheddar Gorge in Somerset. Walk along those lofty footpaths—fit only for mountain goats—and gaze into the abyss below and you will see—doll-like—these cottages of Cheddar Cliffs.



This is either a portrait of a young lady who is about to take her subsequent meals standing, or the mad story of the mother who failed to have a "baby picture" of her female offspring taken in time! In either case, it's Trudy Marshall, M.G.M.'s embodiment of curviture.

MILK BATH TO END ALL MILK BATHS



Cleopatra took the first milk bath when she was expecting a guy named Anthony to call. Claudette Colbert took another, because Cecil B. de Mille paid for it. Now we have the Atlantic City Zoo's orang-utang taking a milk bath—because he knows no better.



This lassie tossing the tree trunk is a member of the Women's Timber Corps, a special section of the Women's Land Army formed to aid timber production in Britain. After a short course of training by experts these "back to the forest" girls can wield an axe with the best of 'em. Photo was taken in the Scottish Highlands.



"Will some kind gentleman see me home?" Why, yes, Gloria De Haven, we will certainly do that little service for you. A pleasure, we're sure. Now, if we hold the brolly and you cuddle up close to us, not a spot of rain will fall on you. Isn't that better Miss De Haven? May we call you Gloria?

OTHER PEOPLE'S JOBS